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The Illusion Of The Passage Of Time.
You can go from having all day to having no time to think, just like that.
story witten by... the Western Lonestar

It all happened so fast... What started as a simple traffic stop had turned into a desperate fight for survival and a few moments later... it was all over! In an impossibly few moments a whole life changed and she never saw it coming. If only she hadn't reached for his..., but wait! I'm getting ahead of myself. Forgive me. I keep forgetting that you weren't there so how could you understand. Let me see..., where should I begin... Well..., I suppose I should start at the point where Highway Patrol Officer Sharon Raddick encountered Derick. I guess I could go back to the events that led him to be out on the highway, that day, but I suppose that is all irrelevant, now, so let us begin with the traffic stop. Yes, That seems to be the place to start this story.

Officer Sharon Raddick was performing her usual patrol along Interstate 105 when she happened to notice a van up ahead of her Police Cruiser. It was speeding, slightly, but only a few mph over the limit. What drew her attention was what looked like half a pom-pom dangling from the door jam of the driver's side, rear door. At first she considered just ignoring it as the driver wasn't really breaking any violations, worth a stoppage, but something about that pom-pom bothered her. Thus she flashed her lights and gave a short activation of her siren. The driver slowed down and pulled off to the side of the highway, rolling to a stop. It was probably nothing... Not worth calling it in... Still... Something seemed a little off...

As Sharon stepped of the cruiser and walked up to the driver's side of the vehicle as the driver rolled down his window. Derick gazed out at the officer. It was a female traffic officer and a nice looking one at that. What a stroke of good luck. Things were panning out nicely today... “I'm so sorry, officer, I know I was speeding back there but...” Over the shoulder of the driver, in the back seat, Sharon saw the most surprising sight! There were four young teenage girls laying naked with their hand and feet tied up with zip ties and rags stuffed into their mouths.

“WHAT THE HEL...???”, she cried out in shock. “Oh. Don't pay any attention to them... I was just out to get some lunch and I'm on my way home now. Those are just some my groceries. It's nothing that you should concern yourself over. One of the young cheerleaders was lying on her back staring right up at her with a pleading look on her tear-streaked face. For a moment there was a brief appearance of desperate hope in her eyes. Then she saw Sharon's expression relax as her attention returned back to the driver. “The reason I pulled you over wasn't your speed...”, officer Raddick replied calmly, “Did you know that there was a something caught in your sliding do...”. She hesitantly glanced back at the nude girls in the back of the van and suddenly she realized that she couldn't really recall why she had pulled this driver over. Now thoroughly embarrassed by her explainable actions she thought quickly and

decided to act as if this was just a regular safety stop. “...I noticed that one of your brake lights is not functioning and I pulled you over to inform you, in case you didn't know.

“Oh, well... Its a good thing you did. I wasn't aware... Am I In trouble over this. I REALLY wasn't aware of the violation. Am I going to get a ticket?” Sharon shook her head, “ No..., This is just a warning to let you know that you ought to get it checked out. It may be something very minor but you ought to get a mechanic to look at it. May I please see you registration? I'm required to check that before I issue any warnings.

“Of course, officer! Always glad to co-operate with the authorities. Please give me a moment... I have to get it out of my glove box...”, Derick replied, as he reached into the glove compartment and took out his papers. Then he held them out before himself.

Now normally drivers hand these documents out the window of the vehicle but on this occasion, the officer was careless and Raddick reached into the van, though the front door window to take the papers. This was her first, and last, mistake. All of the sudden, events tumbled into chaos in just a few seconds. Suddenly, Derick dropped his papers and grabbed The cop's right wrist with one hand and reached out behind her head to grab a hank of the hair of her scalp with the other, and started dragging her into the van through the window. The shock of the unexpected turn of events, mixed with the limited space allowed by the door's window frame, made any struggling a mute point. Sharon frantically fumbled for her gun but, due to the fact that the frame obstructed her view and her arms and upper chest were already inside the vehicle, with her holster was around her waste, she was unable to reach it. In the confusion and panic all of her close combat defense training went right out the window, ... errr..., pardon the pun. It just slipped out.

Despite the limited space that he had to work in Derick's vast experience, in these matters, served him well. Once he had the officer partially inside the vehicle he released his grip on her wrist and began tugging her blouse up, over her head. The buttons quickly popped off, flying in all directions, as the garment pulled out of the waistband of her slacks and and covered her face. Now blind and with her arms forced over head, and restricted by the by her own shirt, the resistance she was able to effect, with her hands, was drastically reduced. Now he grabbed the straps of her bra and gave them a twist and a powerful tug. Their fastener easily snapped and the item fell onto his lap as her bare breasts fell free of their restraints. Now, Derick pulled the sleeves of tattered blouse off Sharon's arms and wrists and threw the the item of clothing onto the passenger seat.

Now free from the rag, covering her face, Officer Raddick witnessed the most shocking and utterly terrifying sight that she had ever seen. Nothing in all of her police training could prepare her for this as she stared, wide-eyed, into the the open maw of a mouth that was simply too immense to believe. A curved row of glistening, white teeth lined a huge, blackish-pink cavern with a roof lined with ridges and an undulating pink carpet completely covered in little bumps. The cavern narrowed towards the rear and a shallow, dark passage curved downward from view. There wasn't much time to make sense of this nightmarish sight as Derick release her scalp and grasped her shoulders, with both hands, and shoved Sharon's whole head between his lips and into his mouth.

It all happened so fast, that she never got much of an opportunity to put up any real, effective resistance. The next thing she knew, she was plunged into a the darkness of the pulsing cavern. There was a hard impact against the back of her skull, as Derick's upper teeth scraped against her head, and her chin bumped over the sharp, hard surface of his lower, front teeth and they proceeded to scrape against her throat before the violence briefly paused. Raddick was utterly stunned by the whole

occurrence. Part of her was able to process the fact that she was in the process of being swallowed alive but mostly she just couldn't accept that this attack was even possible, let alone actually happening to her at this very moment.

She wriggled and squirmed a lot, but within these tight confines, her struggles were pretty uncoordinated and ineffective. Even as her struggles increased, Derick's hands hands moved down to her waist and began to shove her shoulders into his mouth, as well. Stretching his jaws, incredibly wide, he crammed her shoulders between his lips, as his teeth scrapped against them and her head squeezed into the tighter confines of the back of his mouth. The back Sharon's head bumped along the ribs of his pallet, while her chin and throat dragged across the rough surface of the taste-buds of his tongue. As her face squeezed into the reduced area of the back of his mouth, her chin slid over the back of his tongue and tilted her head, slightly, so that she could now look down the long dark passageway that led down his gullet towards his stomach. There was just barely enough light to make out the the undulating walls of his throat as he breathed and the hot, moist, oxygen starved air, from his lungs washed, over her face and around her head. There was just enough oxygen to keep from suffocating but not enough to keep her from gradually becoming woozy and lightheaded. “WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME??? OH GOD! PLEASE MAKE THIS STOP!”. Even as these desperate thoughts surged through Sharon's mind, Derick swallowed hard and sucked her shoulders into the back of his throat and squeezed into the cramped confines of his gullet. She was overwhelmed with a terrifying sense of claustrophobia. A hideous stench of digested meat arose from the depths of pinkish black passageway below. The police officer lost all ability to process her thoughts logically. She was overcome with horror and panic. With her upper arms pined to her sides by his maw her lower arms flailed about uselessly and her hands clenched and unclenched into fists as she swung her fists about in a futile effort to break the grip, around her upper body, that restricted her movements.

Even as she made these frantic moves, the course, undulating surface of Derick's tongue slithered beneath her lower ribs and along the length of the soft curve of her bare belly. While this was occurring, he loosened her belt and skillfully undid the fastens of her slacks. Grasping the waist of her pants, and hooking his fingers into the elastic band of her panties, he rolled her jeans and panties over the fatty buttocks of her ass. With the next swallow, his tongue rose upward, elevating her lower body, slightly skywards. Causing her ass to bump against the top of the window frame as he swallowed her tummy. With her pelvis, now positioned in a slightly downward arc, towards his maw, it suddenly became easier to swallow her squirming form as gravity now offered some slight assistance in drawing her form into his mouth and down his gullet. All of this barely registered to Miss Raddick, as she making such rapid progress being sucked into his mouth. She felt the hard, sharp edges of his lower teeth scraping across her belly button as he swallowed her gut. She may have felt the pain but it was all happening so fast that she simply could not conceive of the fact that she was being swallowed whole, and alive. What she could comprehend was the shear terror of being squeezed into an incredibly tight, confined space of near absolute darkness.

Sharon's thighs spread out as wide as was possible, as if in a desperate effort to keep the remainder of her form from slipping into the tight chamber that already contained the majority of her upper body. Pumping vigorously her legs kicked frantically as Derick grasped the cheeks of her rump in his huge, left hand grasping her buttocks firmly while he slipped his index finger along the crack of her ass until he felt the indentation of her asshole. Now he firmly pushed his fingertip against her anus and forced his digit between the clenching lips of her bum-hole and all the way up her shit chute. Now she was firmly held in a vice-like hold from both ends. Her head and shoulders were restrained tightly In his gullet and her ass, clamped in a vice-like hold, in his fist with his finger hooking her arse. He had an fishhook-like grasp upon her rear. The patrol officer wriggled her hips, in an effort to free her ass, but

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Uah!
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GIUP!
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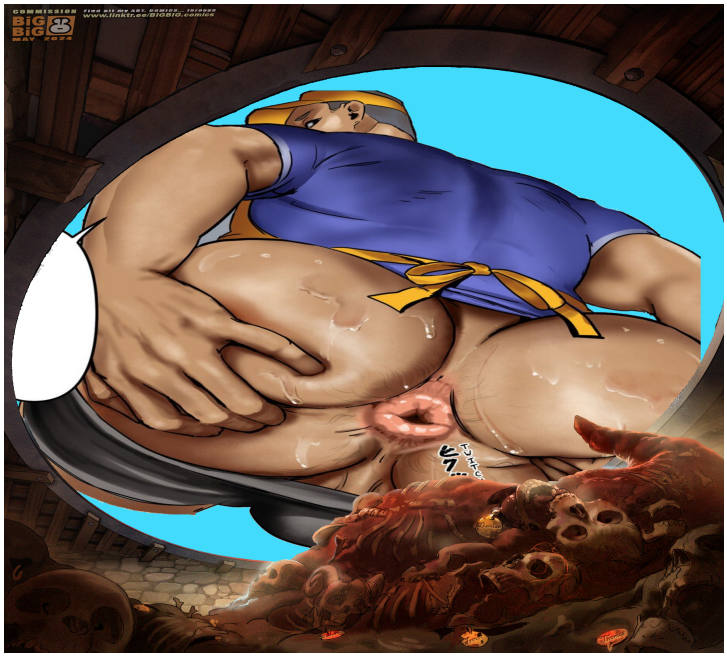
'Gulg'

there was no escape from here on in.

Another tightening squeeze of his jaws, around her navel, and a firm *GULP the rest of her belly scrapped across the sharp, hard edges of his lower teeth. It was now getting very hard to breath, adequately with the air containing less oxygen, within the confines of his throat, and her abdomen under pressure which forced the contents of stomach up against her diaphragm expelling most of the air from her lungs. Thus her efforts to resist began to slow as her muscles grew exhausted due to oxygen starvation. Now Derick began to make much quicker work of wolfing down his meal as Sharon's ceased to put up anything more than a token fight. The rough, undulating surface of Derick's tongue slithered beneath her crotch and rolled up the crack between her ass cheeks and pulled her bum towards his mouth while her swallowed again and wadded her ass cheeks together in a herculean effort and swallowed her rear in another mighty *GULP! That was the last major obstacle that stood in the way of completing his meal. A few more quick gulps and he slurrrped up Miss Raddick's thighs and shins and swallowed her feet dispensing her, unceremoniously down down his gullet and into his belly for digestion and it was all over. For Sharon, the event must have seemed like it took half an hour to complete. During this time she might have hoped that someone, driving along the Freeway, would see an officer in peril and stop to help or, at least call, for backup. But in actuality, the whole series of events that led to her incarceration, within Derick's gut, had only taken a few, frantic moments to complete. Derick sat there, in the front seat of his car, licking his lips and tossing a pair of empty pants on the passenger side floor with the rest of Sharon's discarded uniform. It was all just trash now. Officer Raddick would no longer need it and it sure as hell wasn't going to fit Derick, with his huge waistline. He'd toss it in some random dumpster before he got home. As for the four unfortunate young cheerleaders, in the backseat, if anything they were even more scared than before all of this and, sure as hell, Officer Raddick's failed efforts hadn't helped them in the least. Well at least her sacrifice had prolonged one of their lives by a few hours though that simply meant that they had more time to contemplate the horrors that awaited each of them.

As for officer Raddick, herself, she wasn't dead yet although she might have wished to be. She was trapped, alive in Derick's stomach with a slow, brutal digestion to go through. The process of getting here might have taken less time than she realized, but the end of her suffering would take much, much longer to arrive at. Isn't it amazing how one, very bad decision, can bring terrible regret and misery for the rest of one's life? Yes. It can all happen so unbelievable fast. Who would have thought?